Just a lonely little maiden from the city's dust and heat, meless, lonely little waif, with blue eves

No father's hand with thoughtful care the little life had blessed,

No mother's touch of love had e'er the tangled

cheeks had felt its blows, And in the wide, wide city she had lived, just how, God knows. But now, out to the country—kind hearts had planned the way—
She rode to breathe the summer breath a fort-

Her ears had heard sin's blasphemies,

night and a day. Oh, joy of all that journey, and sweeter joy to When Farmer Stebbins took her to his pleasan

upland home! The wide, old fashioned wagon was a chariot with wings,
And the big house on the hillside looked grander than a king's.

All the beaming bliss of sunshine, all the woodland's song and stir, All the bloom of rural beauty was paradise to And the hum of bees that wandered in the

daisy fields all day

Eas music of another world that stolc her

She knew the spreading maple that the robins loved the best,
She found the clump of grasses where the ground bird hid its nest,
And when the wind at evening whispered through the orchard boughs
She went with Farmer Stebbins to help drive

And when, at quiet bedtime, with touch of tender care Kind Mother Stebbins' gentle hand brushed

back the tangled hair, One little heart with happiness was full and running o'er, One little soul was filled with love till it could

Too soon the visit ended, the parting time drew nigh. She kissed kind Mother Stebbins, bid the birds and bees goodby, And climbed into the wagon, with its wide old fashioned seat, Once more a homeless little waif, with blue

But when they reached the station and heard the whistle's blast Around the farmer's sunbrowned neck two little arms clung fast. "Don't send me back! Don't send me!" the

sobbing creature said,
And Farmer Stebbins swallowed hard, then bent his bushy head.

And soft unloosed the clinging arms and put He stooped and kissed the tear stained face and smoothed the hair of brown, And then the long train sped away around a distant hill.

But a happy brown haired maiden stays with Farmer Stebbins still.
—Sheldon C. Stoddard in Youth's Companion.

STORY OF A VIOLIN.

It was a mad, a shameful, thing, as I realized just a moment too late. Though I did my utmost to atone for the part I played in that tragedy, the white agony on Chris Carew's boyish face that night haunts me as vividly now as if I had seen it there yesterday, and it is years since he last bent his head over his precious

I suppose that two friends fired to each other than he and I. perhaps | begun to understand. because, if I searched the world, I might never find a more lovable, more unselfish and thorough fellow than Chris Carew. To become great we shared. Living together, we had practiced together for years and dreamed of triumphs to come. True, more than once I recollect having a spasm of envy because, as time went a delicacy of touch and purity of tone that I could not seem to reach and was more often given the solo quiet, convincing way:

better one than yours; that's all. Put any other fiddle into my hands, and I could never get half the effect. You know it; we have proved it."

ways placed it down to the subtle voice. sympathy that had grown between him and his exquisite old violin, that shadow of a woman came between us. Then-

They say that every woman has some kind of beauty in some man's eyes, but Lottie Arnold-well, she seemed to be one of the women who just joined as pianiste the orchestral | as a frightened woman's. society to which Chris and I belonged, and I know that I experienced a when she stood bowing to the applause, a slight, indescribably bewitching figure in soft, white evenbrown hair and clear, calm eyes that shone even at that distance. glance at him-his lips were parted, happened. and he stood as if lost in an ecstasy.

If it had ended there! But practice nights came twice a week and with them opportunities of turning Lottie's music, of begging her accompaniment, even of whispering soft nothings, until I understood that she had too intense a nature to appreciate them. In a month I was madly in love with her and could not realize a future without her. When-when I grasped of a sudden had arrived for him by the last that the same thrill had communi- post. Absolute silence for a time. cated itself to Chris, and that we Then I glanced up to see Chris starwere secretly running a race to- ing at me, his face a study in ingether for Lottie's heart, the mischief began. Before I knew it that insane, unreasoning jealousy of him "My name's made! Here's an invi-

as he stood bowing away dreamily beside her until I grew so sick with the jealousy that I left the place and went home alone, and yet he never seemed to understand. Truth to tell, as the weeks went by no one could have said that either of us had come within winning distance of her. Sometimes it was I who would go home in a state of mental intoxication, while Chris would seem paler and quieter than usual; then, next time, Chris would come in with the telltale flush to find me sitting moody and savage. Never once did we speak directly of it, but the shadow was there, thickening every day, and somehow from the first it seemed to me that Chris, taken on his merits alone, would be the winner in this silent, desperate

Desperate? Yes. One night in a fit of pique I had absented myself from the practice and for hours sat planning how I could make him set a match to the powder. About 11 o'clock he burst in, his face all aglow.

"Will, I've just heard the sweetest bit of music ever written-her own composition—Lottie's, I mean! I can hear it now! I caught her playing it unawares, and what do you think? I've made her promise to embody it in a violin duet to be played by you and me at the next concert. She can do it. She has written more than one pretty song. Will! Will! What is the matter? What have I done?"

I had tried to sneer, but it was no use. When he put his hand on my shoulder and softly asked that, I could only get up and walk from the room. The lump in my throat was too great for words. I knew I loved him, but I did not know that I hated him too.

Then for a month of suspense we saw nothing of Lottie Arnold. She was as much an enthusiast as Chris himself. Having set herself to the work, her one fear was, I suppose, that the duo would not be finished in time. But at last came a letter. It had nearly driven her mad, she said, but we could judge of her success if we called at her house to try our parts on the following Wednesday evening.

The note was addressed to Chris. For a moment my jealousy flamed up so that I had almost snatched it out of his hands as he read it. I mastered that impulse, but I knew that the crisis was at hand now. My brain was in a whirl all that week. Scarcely a word passed between us. And Chris, as he walked beside me that Wednesday evening, seemed to have grown haggard, and with the same burning ambition he shifted his violin case from hand were never more genuinely attached to hand constantly. I think he had

Reaching the house, we were shown at once into the sitting room, and there sat Lottie at a piano, surrounded by a litter of papers. Perviolinists—that was the life dream haps she, too, realized something at that moment, for she rose with a start and a heightened color.

"Is it really ? o'clock? I seem to be left behind the world lately. This staccato finale has kept me in a on, Chris unconsciously developed nervous tremble for days. Oh, and -and"- She hesitated, plucking at the velvet band at her throat, quite childishly for her. "I-I'm parts when we played together in dreadfully sorry, but it isn't to be a public, but nothing more. Chris duet at all. I found I hadn't possiinvariably turned its edge in his bly time to arrange the second part as well as the accompaniment, so "Will, it's nonsense. My instru- I-I abandoned it, and I really think ment happens to be an older and it goes better as a solo." A strained, never forgotten pause. Then, becoming herself again, she ran forward and touched my arm appealingly. "You don't mind very much, And so in those dear days we al- do you?" she asked in her sweet

All over in a breath! I know I stood stupidly still for a time, unnearly black with age. As I say, able to get a syllable past the swellwe had struggled and dreamed to- ing in my throat, while the floor gether for years, and then-then seemed to be rocking. So she had written the solo-for Chris-and with it ended all my dreams. I wanted air. I murmured something, caught up my violin and went mechanically out and down the stairs. At the door I stopped. unconsciously set longing the heart | Some one had called me. It was of every man they meet. She had | Chris, his face white and imploring

"Will!" That was all he said huskily as he gripped my arm. I queer thrill the very first moment knew vaguely that it meant "Sooner I saw her-on a concert night, when | than that, you can have the solo." she floated across the platform But that only maddened me the to give the overture-and again more. I shook off his hand and

walked away home. Three hours later he walked in. I think he had been wandering the ing dress, with a mass of deep streets, fighting a battle with himself. He came straight across to where I sat, with a palpable attempt And Chris, when I happened to to speak and act as if nothing had

"Why didn't you stay, old man? At the moment, though, I set it It's grand-she's a genius-it will down to his deep appreciation of her haunt you when you hear it. Oh, and I've persuaded her to take a rest and then write the second fiddle part. That'll be all right, won't it? Will," he whispered, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Keep her," I said icily, "and the solo too. There!"

He drew a deep breath. Another soft word from him and I should have given way, but he had turned away and picked up a letter that credulous wonder.

"Heavens! Will!" he breathed. and his chances had sprung up in tation from the manager of the Grand hall to play there tomorrow He was handsome. More, it night and name my own fee. One presently seemed to me that she of their artists is indisposed. Will, thought more of his playing than of did you hear? At the Orand hall, mine, a galling danger in itself. Kensington, tomorrow night. Me-Often on practice nights I watched me! What can he have heard of

grip my hand?" He was so overcome that he hard-

ly noticed I sat like a stone. He went on whispering rapturously to "Tomorrow night! I must write

and tell her this. Why, the solo-I can play it. She must be there! Will, listen-you must hear it! It goes like this!'

He caught up his violin. I see him now as he stood that night, hear that downward sweep of his bow across the strings, full of conscious triumph—that one quivering chord, no more. I was on my feet, a terrible passion passing through me. Every word of his had been a stab. Each seemed to carry Lottie farther and farther from me. I struck out at him-at Chris, the man who had made me love him like a brother-and the savage blow caught the rim of his beloved instrument and sent it spinning across the room. Near the door it fell with a sickening crash and lay there-wrecked!

Yes. Next minute, when I realized and would have given years of my life to spare Chris that blow, I crept across and picked up the violin. The finger board had snapped in two, and the body of it was stove in like an eggshell.

"Oh, Chris!" I whimpered, one shaking hand put out. But he did not stir. His body was stiff. Only his face worked convulsively. "Take mine-take everything I've got!" I said in an agony of apprehension

One dry sob came, then a shiver, then he groped his way past me like a blind man. Listening as for my life, I heard him mount slowly up to our bedroom and lock the door on the inside. Then one stifled moan and no more.

All that night I sat in a fever of shame and suspense, and the door above had not opened. Several times I had crept up and implored him to let me in, but not a sound had come. What was he doing? Save myself, no one on earth knew how he had prized that old violinwhat its loss meant for him. What would happen? When morning came, I could do nothing but ask our landlady not to disturb him and wait on. Afternoon came, and still the same silence overhead. And then, just about 6 o'clock, I went hot at the recollection of that concert at the Grand hall. The chance of his lifetime he had called it. If he failed-no, he should not fail! The wildest of ideas had flashed across me. Chris and I were not so unlike in appearance, and, heaven helping me, I might-

I went up and knocked once again. No answer. Clearly if it was to be done there was no time to hesitate. Seven o'clock, no Chris. Half past

7. I had dressed carefully, chosen an effective solo that I knew by heart, taken one of Chris' cards and stood waiting on the last chance. A quarter to 8, and that door remained locked. Five minutes later I had called a cab and was on my way to the Grand hall.

I recollect asking for the manager and handing him that card, but the rest seemed afterward like a dream. Scores of times I had played in public, but always with a nervousness that had marred my performance. It was gone now. I remember that when, about half past 9, I faced that great, critical audience as Chris Carew I was as cool and confident as though my success had been assured for years. To play as I had never played before-to carry home news of a triumph to Chris!

And, with the vision of him sitting at home there always before me, I played that night-well, as Chris himself would have done. The moment the prelude had ended I was sure of myself. Never had my fingers seemed so supple. Never had my bow responded so lovingly to the emotions that possessed me. I did not need to wait for the buzz of applause to know that "Chris Carew" had justified his engagement. I remembered afterward that the manager had shaken hands with

me and said something about a good notice in the morning papers, but the first thing I recollected clearly was trying the handle of the door at home and whispering eagerly, 'Chris, old man! Chris!'

The handle yielded-the lock was broken. With an intense awe and foreboding creeping over me, I stood in the doorway and looked. Two persons were bending over him. He lay on the bed, his face damp with

sweat and his eyes-"Oh, I'm glad you've come!" whispered our landlady. "I knew there was something wrong, and I heard him groaning and calling out after you went, so I fetched the doctor at last, and we had to break in. Ill? Why. Mr. Marsh thinks it spells brain fever! Oh, and he has kept calling out 'Lottie! Lottie!' Who is 'Lottie?' "

I could not tell her just then. What I did was to rush down stairs, seize pen and paper and, as well as I could for the mist in my eyes, write a scrawl to the woman he loved and deserved, telling her all and begging her to come. For something seemed to tell me that Chris would never know of his triumph by proxy—that he was going to die.

Chris was down stairs again, whiter and thinner than ever, indeed, but so much his old self that he could smile and press my hand whenever the ducat, was first struck in the mint -more through my scheming per- building is still in existence.

me? Why, it's the chance of my haps than he will ever know-he lifetime! Will, aren't you going to led Lottie Arnold from the altar as his wife six months later that I could look him in the face and feel that I had atoned in part.

> Only in part, even at that sacrifice of my hopes, for Chris, who might have been one of our greatest violinists today, has never touched a ungraceful form, yet their aversion violin since that night. Often I have is totally without reason. The toad pleaded with him, often enough is not venomous or harmful, nor showed him the notice of "Mr. Chris Carew, a new and promising young performer," that appeared in the newspapers that morning, but he shakes his head. The wreck of the instrument that he loved lies at the bottom of his box, and his old fixed belief that he could never do himself justice on any other, even if he had the heart to try, has never been shaken.—Tit-Bits.

The Industry of Fall River. Fall River has more than onesixth of all the spindles in the country, over one-fifth of those in New England and manufactures over three-fourths of all the print cloths made in the country. It has more spindles than any state in the United States except Massachusetts, nearly as many as all the southern states combined and more than twice as many as any other city in the country. Every working day its mills weave more than 1,400 miles of cloth, or more than two miles every minute. It produces every variety of cloth from rough linings for shoes to the finest and daintiest fabrics for ladies' dresses and from the coarsest threads to the gossamer of the spider's web, a pound of which will make a strip of lawn 30 inches wide and 60 feet

There are 42 corporations, operating 82 mills, employing 30,000 persons, earning \$180,000 per week and producing annually from 350,000 bales of cotton more than 800,000,-000 yards of cloth. Its people are cosmopolitan, there being in the city in round numbers 15,000 of American parentage, 15,000 of English, 25,000 of French Canadian, 25,-000 of Irish and 20,000 of German, Portuguese, Armenian, Russian and Italian birth. The recent growth of the city has been remarkable. Founded in 1803, it had only 1,000 inhabitants, but from 1870 the increase has been marvelous. In that year it had 27,191 inhabitants; in 1880, 47,883; 1890, 74,918; in 1897, 100,000. - Textile America.

A Discouragement.

"So you are writing for an English publication," she said to the young man to whom she is engaged. "Yes. How did you know?"

"A friend of mine sent me a London periodical in which one of you

poems was published." "Yes. That publication seems to like my work very well. The mat-

ter that it took from me last week amounted to £7." "To seven pounds!" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes."

"Albert, do you know how to keep bocks?" "No, but I suppose I can learn."

"Then I wish you would do so." very much whether I would be a success at it."

to run a hotel or something like Monsignor Pecci, acting as legate at "Don't you like writing as an oc-

cupation?" "Not now. I used to think it was a noble and beautiful vocation, but when it comes to selling poetry by the pound I feel that it is time to

troit Free Press.

abandon literature forever."-De-

Crowds representing innate human curiosity gather easily in large cities. A fairly good looking wagon was driven hurriedly up to a place on Diamond street one day recently, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In a moment two boards had been placed across the top of the vehicle. The six or seven men who stopped to look on at the unusual proceeding small pillows were brought out and deposited on the boards. "What's up?" inquired a tall, thin man, an laconic answer, "Dunno unless a man's sick or dead in there."

At this point the two men at work brought out and placed squarely on the pillows something which looked very much like a stretcher. Every-body grand his on her peak for the pillows something which looked the pillows something which looked anything else. Don't be talked into activities, for piles, for sores, for burns. Evans Pharmacy for the pillows something which looked anything a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns. Evans Pharmacy for the pillows something which looked anything a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns. Evans Pharmacy for the pillows something which looked anything else. body craned his or her neck for the next appearance of the quiet workmen. The latter were not long in coming. Between them, walking very carefully, they carried a large mirror, which they placed on the stretcher and then covered with a white cloth. In another instant that unless there should be some exthey had turned down toward Wood street, and the most excited men in the crowd looked dejectedly at each other. A possible tragedy requiring the coroner's presence, or at least a furniture insurance precaution.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

God spared me that. In a week Signature of Chart Heltcher.

- The most ancient coin in Europe,

ONLY A TOAD.

But He Proves Himself the Friend of the

Thrifty Farmer. Many people view with disgust and loathing this rough, uncouth, leathery coated little creature, with his distended stomach and squat. can he be utterly ugly with his singularly clear and brilliant eyes. An old superstition says, "The toad has a jewel in his head." If he has, it must be the gleam of the jewel lights up his otherwise unattractive countenance.

However this may be, the toad is a jewel in himself from an economic point of view. The farmer has no better friend or ally in his warfare such insects as the cutworm are abroad. When I am working in the toad, I always feel like begging his | ing with a stuffing of fine herbs. pardon, for, however queer it may seem to some, I like toads. In this Dakota land they are very abundant, and I notice that insects are proportionately few.

When following the breaking plow, I have often been a reluctant spectator of the last sad tragedy in little creatures. They love to burthe depth that the plowshare takes, and there they are sometimes sliced in two. On these occasions when stomachs I have been surprised at the quantity they could hold. I have also noted the prevalence of

Once after a victim passed under the plow I took pains to note the contents of its stomach, which consisted of 4 large cutworms, 2 bean beetles, 17 small leaf beetles, 8 small manure beetles, 3 flies, several larvæ and about a teaspoonful of the small aromatic yellow ants. This was only a medium sized toad, and now just think how many such meals he had taken in his life; then think of his millions of relatives and the meals they had eaten in their lives. After that remember that in their pollywog state toads clear out myriads of larvæ from stagnant water and do much toward lessening the great mosquito pest, and you may imagine the vast quantity of injurious insect material they must have destroyed.

I have domesticated and colonized toads in my cellar and garden and always felt amply repaid by the decrease in the number of the insects. It makes little difference to the toad whether his meal be of cabbage worms, mosquitoes or bean beetles. Down they go, and as he rubs his throat with one "hand" he winks his off eye and is ready for more.-Our Animal Friends.

The Pope and London Smoke.

Leo XIII is no stranger to the English court, but it is by no means generally known that the pontiff "But it's hard work, and I doubt once paid a personal visit to this country. Such, however, is the case, though the event occurred 50 "Well, then, open a store or learn years ago, when he was simply the Belgian court, and when he was being consulted recently with regard to the building of the new cathedral at Westminster he asked whether any white marble was to be used, adding laughingly: "When I was at St. Paul's cathedral, they showed me some black marble and said it was white. London seems to be far too smoky for white marble."-Westminster Gazette.

> The New York botanical garden, planned for Bronx park, will be the third largest in the world. It embraces 250 acres.

- A negro was killed near Glendale by falling into a well. It seems that the well, which was very deep, had been out of use for some time, and he soon swelled to a throng when four had gone down to clean it out. As there were poisonous gases there he became dizzy and asked his companeager look in his eye, the remark lons to draw him up. Just before being addressed to a boy who had reaching the top he became so faint as swiftly climbed a pole. From his to release his hold on the rope and vantage point the youngster made | dropped back to the bottom. The fall | mangled his body terribly, killing him instantly.

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Ha-

- There will be no extra session of Congress, though the Senate will have the present plans of the President pre- missile that slew his comrade. vail. It is stated at the White House, traordinary development, the House will not meet until it convenes in regular session next December.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. doctor's, had been converted into a Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once. Evans Pharmacy.

- The Japanese are flocking to the Sandwich Islands in large numbers. From a dispatch it is learned that no less than 1,176 entered Honolulu as contract laborers in one day recently. Another batch is expected shortly. It would be seen from this that the contract labor law has been quietly pigeonholed. Plantation managers are under contract to import a certain percentage of white labor in proportion to the number of coolies brought in, but the I held it out. But it was not until of Venice in the year 1284. The contract is violated in almost every in-

STURGEONS IN COMMERCE.

Some of the Points of Singularity About

The sturgeon is naturally an inhabitant of the large rivers and brackish water of the north temperate zone, more particularly of Europe and America. The Sacramento, the San Joaquin, Russian river and the Columbia on the west and the Hudson and Delaware on the east are very favorable to its production in great quantities.

This interesting and curious fish has many points of singularity. Its armed exterior skeleton seems to that flashes through his eyes and point to its being one of the few descendants of the ganoid, or armor plated fishes of the prehistoric ages. The position of the mouth is much the same as in the shark family, but its form and function are rather that of the remora, or sucker famagainst injurious insects. The toad | ily. The flesh, too, is remarkable comes forth mostly at night, when as being a reddish and yellow and part white. English fishmongers call it "beef and veal." In that garden and inadvertently disturb a | country it is usually cooked by bak-

There are several varieties of the sturgeon family, the sturgeon proper (Accipenser sturio), the beluga and the sterlet being the principal, the two latter kinds belonging to the Russian waters.

Some 25 years ago there were millions of sturgeons in San Francisco the lives of some of these beneficent | bay and tributary waters, principally in the mouths of the Sacramento row down in the earth to just about | and San Joaquin rivers, where they lay on the muddy bottom, feeding on clams and bottom fishes. The Chinese, who have an inordinate examining the contents of their fondness for gelatinous substances. such as isinglass, sea swallow nests, trepang, etc., imported from China a very deadly hook for capturing injurious species of insects, such as | the sturgeon, which they caught leaf beetles, cutworms, grubs and solely for the marrowin its peculiar backbone. They stripped out the backbone and threw away the rest. Some of the backbones were sent to China, where isinglass is made from them and also a highly tenacious glue. The principal use, however, is for making gelatinous soup.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Growth of the South.

Where the proud city of Birmingham stands today there were in 1877 only wornout fields. Chattanooga was a dilapidated village. Atlanta still sat in the ashes of the war. Florida was almost as much of a wilderness as in the days of Spanish rule. Texas had made no impression upon the world's markets as a cotton producer. The states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas were in poverty and despair because of the miseries of the reconstruction period. The coal and iron mines of Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia unopened. There was no serious competition by any southern port with New York and Boston for the export and import trade. With a single exception there was not one great railroad system in the south, and that did not touch the south-

eastern part. Twenty years ago the manufacture of cotton in the south was wholly an infant industry, and cities now known as textile working centers were mere trading posts at the crossroads. The fruit and vegetable business of Florida was so small as to attract little attention, while the fruit and melon business of Georgia did not exist at all. Southern farmers then bought their corn and meats instead of raising them as they do now, and the cotton cron of Georgia, notwithstanding the comparatively low prices and notwithstanding the cities have absorbed so much of the rural population, is twice as large as it was then .-Macon Telegraph.

- Thirty-six years ago Gen. Joseph Wheeler had the pleasure of capturing the officer he is now serving under in Cuba. In March, 1862, William R. Shafter was a Major in the Nineteenth Michigan. He was with a foraging expedition one day when a body of Wheeler's cavalry surrounded and captured the whole outfit. Shafter was sent to Richmond, and spent six weeks in Libby prison. Nobody in the country has a higher opinion of "Little Joe" as a strategist and fighter than General Shafter.

- Edward Culver, rough rider, lies at the Marine Hospital, Staten Island, with the bullet in his body that killed Sergt. Hamilton Fish in the memorable fight with the Spaniards at La bullet pierced Fish's left side, come out at the right and hit Culver in the to be called together for the prompt | left breast just above the heart. He | ratification of the treaty of peace, if will always carry in his breast the

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